



Nemesis

By H. P. Lovecraft

Thro' the ghoul-guarded gateways of slumber,
Past the wan-moon'd abysses of night,
I have liv'd o'er my lives without number,
I have sounded all things with my sight;
And I struggle and shriek ere the daybreak, being driven to madness
with fright.

I have whirl'd with the earth at the dawning,
When the sky was a vaporous flame;
I have seen the dark universe yawning
Where the black planets roll without aim,
Where they roll in their horror unheeded, without knowledge or
lustre or name.

I have drifted o'er seas without ending,
Under sinister grey-clouded skies

That the many-fork'd lightning is rending,

That resound with hysterical cries;

With the moans of invisible daemons that out of the green water
rise.

I have plunged like a deer thro' the arches

Of the hoary primordial grove,

Where the oaks feel the presence that marches

And stalks on where no spirit dares rove,

And I flee from a thing that surrounds me, and leers thro' dead
branches above.

I have stumbled by cave-riddled mountains

That rise barren and bleak from the plain,

I have drunk of the frog-foetid fountains

That ooze down to the marsh and the main;

And in hot curs'd tarns I have seen things I care not to gaze on
again.

I have scann'd the vast ivy-clad palace,

I have trod its untenanted hall,

Where the moon writhing up from the valleys

Shows the tapestried things on the wall;

Strange figures discordantly woven, that I cannot endure to recall.

I have peer'd from the casement in wonder

At the mouldering meadows around,

At the many-roof'd village laid under

The curse of a grave-girdled ground;

And from rows of white urn-carven marble I listen intently for
sound.

I have haunted the tombs of the ages,

I have flown on the pinions of fear

Where the smoke-belching Erebus rages;

Where the jokuls loom snow-clad and drear:

And in realms where the sun of the desert consumes what it never
can cheer.

I was old when the Pharaohs first mounted

The jewel-deck'd throne by the Nile;

I was old in those epochs uncounted

When I, and I only, was vile;

And Man, yet untainted and happy, dwelt in bliss on the far Arctic
isle.

Oh, great was the sin of my spirit,

And great is the reach of its doom;

Not the pity of Heaven can cheer it,

Nor can respite be found in the tomb;

Down the infinite aeons come beating the wings of unmerciful

gloom.

Thro' the ghoul-guarded gateways of slumber,

Past the wan-moon'd abysses of night,

I have liv'd o'er my lives without number,

I have sounded all things with my sight;

*And I struggle and shriek ere the daybreak, being driven to madness with
fright.*

About this digital edition

This e-book comes from the online library [Wikisource](#). This multilingual digital library, built by volunteers, is committed to developing a free accessible collection of publications of every kind: novels, poems, magazines, letters...

We distribute our books for free, starting from works not copyrighted or published under a free license. You are free to use our e-books for any purpose (including commercial exploitation), under the terms of the [Creative Commons Attribution-ShareAlike 4.0 Unported](#) license or, at your choice, those of the [GNU FDL](#).

Wikisource is constantly looking for new members. During the transcription and proofreading of this book, it's possible that we made some errors. You can report them at [this page](#).

The following users contributed to this book:

- Nonexyst
- Subvisser5
- Beardo
- Hilohello
- TeysaKarlo